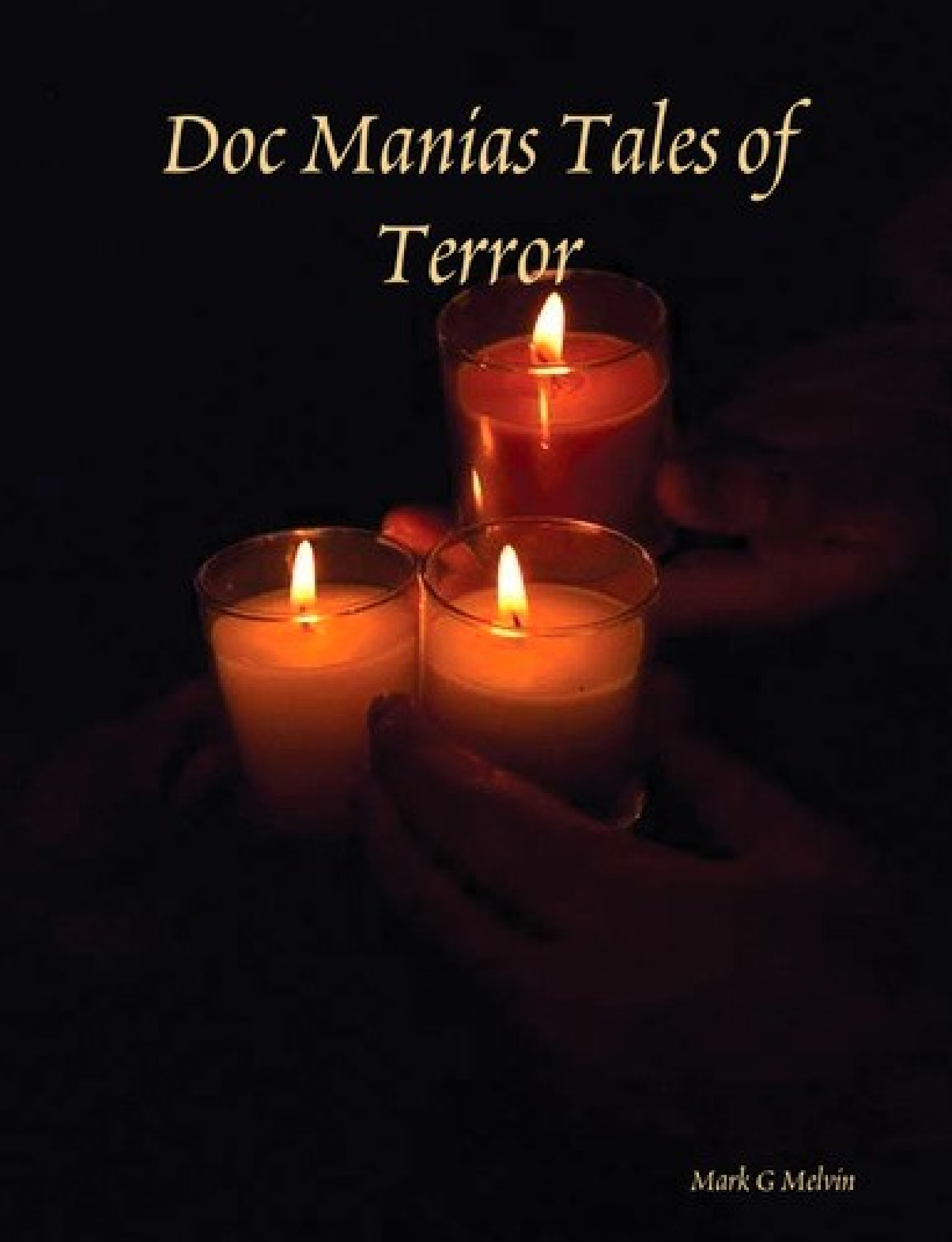
Doc Manias Tales of Terror



Mark G Melvin

Doc Mania's Tales of Terror

by Mark G Melvin

A Deranged Book

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This book is a work of fiction.Names,characters,places,and incidents either are a product of the author's imagination or are used fictitiously.Any resemblance to actual events or locales or persons living or dead,is entirely,coincidental .

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Dedicated to PG/My Family

Doc Mania:" Good day patients,and welcome to the Asylum of Deranged Delusion.Hope you have been taking your meds.If not have we got the comfort form fitting jacket for you.My name is Doc Mania,and I will be guiding you through these halls and walls of madness.My first tale of tortured doom is about a man and the woman he loves to death.Ha ha ha!"

Amazing Torment/Do not Disturb by Mark G Melvin

My love,my love as I sit here by the window on a sunny day,There is no appreciation for

the warm mirth I should grasp yet do not.Yes yes I remember,holding you kissing you,yet you you you were never enough for me.....insatiable me,old silly insatiable me.

Love you are gone,how I miss, miss your aggravation,you could piss on a flower,your mind was the

prefabricated script of anguish coming to my ears daily,not once did you disappoint the chance to remove sunshine from my happiness.Oh how I wished you gone.Hoped, dreamed, prayed, fantasized inside my minds eyes your demise.Mm ha ha ha ha,yes standing over you sleeping in your bed gently touching your hair contemplating the anguish of your last breath....yet how could I.Your love for me your love for life was once so sweet,so....sweet.

Hearing your voice as if your thoughts were my own,loving you in my heart,not in touch.Looking down at you,down my nose then thoughts come to mind,how you became as vicious as a hungry lion an as cold as a morning stone. No heat from the night air,making the touch quiver and tremble.No my sweet little piece of candy,you must live,you- you must live to suffer the things that I have suffered,to taste loneliness in the presence of love.Hold me hold me in your arms,the nights full of tears falling on my pillow.Like waterfalls of despair,did you care did you care?

My hands slap your face,while you rest soundly comfortably,but that is not enough.I pounce on top of your resting body and punch you once,then look deep into your eyes.Again and no movement from you,then I begin to flurry your body as if fighting for my life,from a well built strong fighting man,yet you awake not.I stand sweating over you,still in disgust still no relief approaches my aching soul of desperation for your affection that you no longer give.Climbing off of you sweaty heaving an out of breath exhausted as if hours of passionate love sharing had commenced.Swinging my fists wildly in submission to

your emptiness,oh woman your dedication knows no bounds.Forever my lover, eternally my misery, daily my somber.

A drink yes that's what I need a drink.Sitting downstairs looking out of the window watching the birds frolic chasing one another in melodical happiness.Screaming to my ownself in my mind.Yes! Yes! Am I so rejected that even 2 birds spurn my heart into jealousy?Oh what have I done to make her deny my so?My hand clutching my manhood without thought or dedication,dryly chafing myself until finally temporary relief comes from stroking my reproductive organ.

Quietly I sit here sipping my brandy wondering,wondering,about the day she slipped and fell,pondering is she in hell,and if so does she remember me?Here I sit all alone in the house with no one else but my own thoughts.Oh how I dreamed of her demise,yet when it came I miss her so.Miss her so terribly so.Now my heart mind and soul know and realize amazement and how humdrum it actually is,to want for something for so long,to wait for it patiently so consistent,so dedicated in persistence to an accomplishment,and then and then when it finally after long wait.The moment of arrival comes,and in that moment pleasure is yours to have and to hold and in all of its splendor,and then as quick as it came,....poof it's gone.Out of reach out of grasp,no longer attainable,it might as well be in a bottle sealed in the oceans of the world.Yes it is like trying to find a bottle in the ocean.Smiling to myself yes I remember well.

The night we were to entertain friends from childhood and guest from town.Yes the living room, dining room, and kitchen were filled,as she,her,my love,my sweet piece of candy, adorned her exquisitely beautiful body upstairs.So so pleasant to the eyes to gaze upon her hair as smooth as oiled wet skin.A brush just glided through her curls.Her face the soft supple curves of the roundness of her cheeks.Her full round luscious lips were as thick as a peach an as soft as a ripe pear that squirts juice when you squeeze it between your fingers.

My sweets eyes,she had a bedroom stare that could unlock the passion in a deadman with just one look. To look upon her bare body stepping out of warm soapy waters was much more than a privilege or an honor.....it was a blessing. I tell you a blessing to behold!Just the mere thought of one such as her straddling your body makes ones body jump quiver and move in the excitement of just the thought.

Yes beauty such as this,is worth dying for.No beauty such as this is

definitely worth killing for.The things,the horrible things one would do to another human being,for the love of beauty as this.Never do my eyes tire to gaze upon her,despite her evil disposition.She burns me,yes yes she knows of my desire for her heart and she consistently uses it against me,for favors in life knowing fully well I cannot bring myself to say no.Please allow me to cease from sobbing and wipe these painful tears from my heart and destroy forever her memory from my mind?Oh how long

must I endure the torment of being removed from her presence due to no fault of my own.

Yes ! Yes! I struck her!! But she was asleep,fast fast asleep,because I had drugged her brandy to attain a night of rest.Not to be tormented by her beauty,which she rarely allowed myself enjoy.

Cars,homes,vacation homes,rare jewels handcrafted furniture,and clothes.Looking at my hands gnarled to the bone hour after hour year after year day after day moment after moment,tending to finances for her enjoyment to my own bereavement,and to my souls detriment.

We all awaited her grand entrance her luxuriant aura.Her gleaming radiance to capture that first moment would remain as a rare priceless painting.We all waited to take pictures, to adore her, to spoil her to paint her,to capture her delightful essence on canvas for all to enjoy for generations to come.Suddenly the bedroom door opened and the cleavage from her breasts glistened with fresh oil.Her fragrance wisped through the room and down the stairs as the wind brushed by her from the closing of the door behind her.She seemed to float and glide as the dress she wore hugged her body like skin.A silence entered the room like the anticipation of good news.

She stood at the top of the stairs,all eyes were in full attention to her,even the women in the room had hearts full of envy and malicious malice towards her.Just in amazing awe of the perfection of her loveliness,yet none knew exactly how much of a bitch she was.How much I wanted

peace from my troubled soul,to be gone from her.She stood at the top of the steps waiting to descend in full knowledge of everyone's thoughts of her.

She opened her lips and leaned in to a deeper attention,to hear every syllable,every word.She looked around at us all with myself first in the crowd at the bottom of the stairs.Standing in anxious grandeur excitement like school children awaiting her words,in full happy anticipation.She spoke,sneering an in an instant her warmness turned to self indulged arrogance.She began to utter lifting her arm and pointing her finger at all of us.

"You....all of you down there. Do you want to know why all of you are down there? Well I will tell you why.It is because you are nobody's,nothing,and I'm up here because I am everything,your everything. So to all of you fat,plump,slovenly,disgusting bitches...know this. I have had sex with all of your husbands,every single man in this room. They loved it. Your husbands bought me anything I ever wanted,and do you want to know why? I'm beautiful,I am everything you are not and could never be! You my husband,you work your miserable little fat fingers,to the bone for me. I never loved you.I used you,I used you because I could. You worked everyday long hours, and that gave me plenty of time to have real men to satisfy me....You couldn't satisfy a mouse."

Just then as we all stood in amazement,she started to step off the top step to come downstairs,and her high heel broke.She fell and tumbled head over heels down the hardwood steps.We all rushed to back up out of the

way.She yelled as she fell and landed on the hard wooden floor right in front of me.There she lay broken,and panting.

"Help help,I can't move my legs,ouch my arm is broken."

Yes even her head was bruised and bleeding.We all gathered around and simply stared and gazed at her. She begged someone anybody.

"Please, please help me?"

One by one simultaneously everyone gathered their belongings,and single filed out of the house,right out the front door.Until it was only I left still staring down at my wife in complete disbelief in shock an amazed at the torment and horror she must be in.

Its as if I was just frozen in time.All I could think or even imagine was how I could not even satisfy a mouse.I looked at her wretched broken body,because now I looked down on her.Her the deliverer of my torment relentless and without mercy,as she cried so pitiful

with her tears falling,"Help me please?" I answered calmly an ever so softly with care.

"Help you,yes yes I will....help you."

I turned and walked around downstairs and closed all of the blinds shut tight all of the curtains,making sure they were closed.The rear kitchen door was locked tight and secure.I stopped to look at her as her eyes pleaded for my help.

Her mouth cried for my compassion and mercy as she could not move at all.I turned up the radio very loudly,so no one could here her screams for help.I closed the door locked it tight and secure.Posting a note on the front in big bold letters saying,PLEASE DO NOT DISTURB. Smiling I turned and walked away.

Doc Mania: "Ha! Don't you just love it when a bitch gets what's comin.'Yes! Mhm. Learn you to be a little nicer to the people you call friends. Poor dear dear hubby I'm afraid he'll need some treatment.We've got a bed and breakfast waiting for him right here at the Asylum. Only one thing,once your committed you never leave! Ha ha ha!Now on to my next tale of torment of two brothers.Tomanas and Yohan.One nice an one not so nice.The question here is too forgive or seek revenge.Brother to brother, Can these two work it out in the jungle of...Ungapunga."

Ungapunga by Mark G Melvin

I traveled to Africa years ago I met a man named Siswayu who told me this story about two friends of his.It still freaks me out to this day.So I thought I would share it with you.

At about 5 years of age Tomanas and Yohan had come to America with their parents who had been missionaries. Upon their arrival their parents were killed in a horrific tragedy. They were stuck by a semi-trailer running a red

light in a crosswalk. So Tomanas and Yohan were raised by their grandparents. Their grandparents were way to far out of shape to chase them around so Tomanas pretty much got away with his torturing assaults upon his younger brother Yohan.

One evening in the dead of night the boys grandparents were medicinally sleeping soundly at the other end of the house with the door closed and locked. Yohan began to feel wet and slowly awake,while dreaming of his parents telling him God wants us to be able to forgive one another.

"Ah! Ah! Let me go! Let me go you insolent bastard!" Yohan had awakened to his mouth being stuffed with a filthy gym sock being covered with tape. Tomanas danced around the bed with a bowl on top of his head with a wooden spoon clanging a mop bucket in his hands. Dancing wildly like a raving madman tossing dispersements of water onto his captive brother Yohan. Hanging their pet rat over his body by his Wugunda an Bomboto. Teasing the rat into biting his Bomboto. Yohan wiggled and wiggled to get free but could not. Tomanas had taken the time to tie him up with grandfathers rope from the garage. All night he smacked him in the head and face with the spoon.Allowing not the comfort to relieve himself. Yohan soiled the bed. Eventually by morning he fell asleep awakening to the freedom of movement. Upon leaving to school grandfather asked,"what is that smell?" While at school the two were placed into In School Suspension for getting into a fistfight with one another. The

teacher before leaving the two brothers in the classroom all alone gave them rules to follow.

"Boys don't you get up out of your seats and please do not mess with the fish bowl. I will be back in a minute."

"Ok,"both of the boys said. Tomanas jumped up out of his chair to be sure the teacher had gone out of the hallway. Yohan sat quietly reading Mad Monkey Diaries Amazing Torment/Do not Disturb. Tomanas danced skipping and hopping all over the room.

"Awuwu, wu, wu, wu ! A ye ye ye ye ye! Wee!" Standing by the fish bowl he smiled devilishly. Tomanas poured the the water out of the fish bowl an sat it onto the floor. He then urinated into the fishbowl. He then turned over every desk upside down. The teacher returned shortly.

"Oh my," she gasped. "Boys turn these desk right side up right now! Ha!Which one of you peed into my fish bowl?" Pointing at one another,'he did it!" The boys said at the same time.

"Bad bad boys! The principal will hear of this! I'm sure that you will both be suspended because of this!" The brothers were suspended. Most of the years after that even into adult life Tomanas was the constant joker. Yohan was quiet and subdued dismissing his brothers playful antics. A day came when Yohan was reading through his dads diary and came upon a ritual back in Africa. The ritual was called "Ungapunga." He read and studied them. Upon memorizing

them Yohan tore out and burned the pages of the "Ungapunga" ritual.

A family friend from home came to visit by the name of Siswayu. Siswayu was a tall caramel colored African warrior man. He was well over 6 feet tall. Siswayu and his tribe were known to run at least 22 miles per hour. The day Siswayu arrived the boys sat out back and had a campfire reminiscing their younger days in Africa.Siswayu told them of all the old ways they had forgotten but not all. The fire burned and the men conversed.

"You know back home inferior men are not allowed to reproduce."

"What do you mean?" Tomanas interrupted abruptly. Siswayu studied Tomanas's face curiously almost as if smelling him.

"If you have a small Bomboto or you are deformed or do not grow strong. Your are not allowed to marry for fear the child will not be the strongest of warriors. If you are not a strong warrior you can not defend the tribe."

"Wow!" Tomanas exclaimed. "If that were in America there would be a lot more sex starved men than there is already," said Toamanas.

"Well it applies to the woman as well,"said Siswayu. Do not worry Tomanas we fix some of the inferior men into women to be sexual slaves for the others."

"Wow! Are you serious?!" Yelled Tomanas.

"Very!" Siswayu responded.

"Yohan you are so quiet." Siswayu stated with much concern.

"What's the point of even speaking with Tomanas around."

"What do you mean brother," asked Siswayu instantly waiting for Yohans response

Yohan studied Siswayus face as well as his brothers thinking deeply with much concern. Running through the myriad of horrors Tomanas had put him through throughout the years in his mind.

"Come now brother you can tell me,what did Tomanas do to you?"

"Well. Well all of our lives Tomanas has beat me tortured me tied me up and he beat me blaming me for things I did not do! I can not tell you the trouble I have been in behind his pranks and his lies! Yohan then sat sobbing in tears."

"Tomanas,"said Siswayu with firmness. "Why oh why would you do your brother like this? Like a complete stranger as if you knew him not. Is this true? Tomanas is this true?" Siswayu stood up walking toward Tomanas standing over him like a tall tree.

"Tomanas if I were you, you had better to answer me now before this turns physical.You can not most definitely

out fight me. You most certainly are not fast enough to run away." Tomanas sat on the ground by the fire, with his head down, both afraid of Siswayu,an ashamed, of what he had done, to his own brother,and that now it was made known.

"Yes it is true," said Tomanas reluctantly.

"What is the worst most terrible thing you have ever done to your brother? Come now speak truth," asked Siswayu angrily and forcefully?

"I fed him buggers."

"Come now, that can not be the all of it!"

"I had sex with his girlfriend."

"Come now, all of it!"

"Okay okay!" Tomanas said with intense aggravation. "I set him up to go to jail for something I had done specifically so that I could have sex with his girlfriend!" Tomanas screamed.

"Come now, the worst, give me the worst?" Tomanas now an emotional wreck in getting all of this truth out, with Siswayu standing over him. He took a deep breath for the last one. Tomanas began to speak,"I tied him upside down in the closet in a sleeping bag and kicked him in the head...repeatedly. I also left him there, for at least an hour." Yohan sat sobbing uncontrollably.

"I want you two to face each other, look into one another's eyes! Yohan can you forgive him?" Yohan paused thinking and reflecting back upon his abuse.

"No!" Yohan said sobbing between words.

"I can not forgive him."

"F you bitch!" Screamed Tomanas in extreme anger. Yohan jumped back falling onto the ground in absolute fear of his brother the tormentor. Siswayu jumped between them. Tomanas knew better than to play around with the large fully grown warrior Siswayu.

Siswayu stood by the fire and began beating his own chest with his fist.

"I am Siswayu this is a family wrong, we shall settle it in "Ungapunga!"

"What is Ungapunga?" Tomanas asked with a slight hint of fear, of the unkown in his voice trembling,and stuttering with curiosity.

"It is the method prescribed in the Intoque. It is fair, it is justice. Justice for you both,"said Siswayu. Come now gather your things we will travel to Africa to settle your differences." Siswayu told the brothers.

"Hell no! Why do we have to go to Africa to settle?! F dat!" Cried Tomanas.

"Tomanas, Tomanas, are you afraid,are you?" Siswayu said most tauntingly.

"Hell no I aint afraid a nothin!"

"Well then...lets go!" Siswayu responded.

"Ok! Ok!" Tomanas yelled back to Siswayu. The brothers along with Siswayu took the journey back home back to Africa. They traveled deep,deep into the jungle one hundred miles from anything in any direction.The leaves on the trees were huge. Vines and vegetable growth on top of growth. So much green around so thick and lush you could hide an army unseen two feet in front of you.Animals ranging from monkeys to gorillas to leopards and elephants. Amazing beauty.People there were scantly dressed in waist covered garmets only. Very traditional tribal people with facial tattoos and body piercing's and paintings. The people were cordial and friendly and the warriors most fierce.

The evening came and there was a large ceremonial fire,with drumming and dancing. A large festive celebration for the return of Tomanas and Yohan finally back home to the motherland. Even though they were not black in color nor ancestry, they were born into the tribe an accepted as such. The time of the ceremony, of return, both brothers were stripped of the western clothes. They under went traditional tribal body markings and tattooing. Both of their heads were shaven clean. Yohan and Tomanas both understood the tribal language yet the tribal elders spoke a ciphered dialect unknown to others.

During the ceremony Tomanas'scuriousity had got the better of him. The drumming stopped and he yelled loudly

asking,"What is Ungapunga?" The tribe all stopped talking. Everyone stared at Tomanas. The tribal elders looked upon each other in amazement. The women whispered amongst themselves. The children ran away to their huts.Siswayu stood and spoke in the ciphered dialect of the elders. He stood speaking loudly an angrily. All listened with the greatest intent. Once he had done this all of the celebration stopped. The whole tribe entered into their huts, and no one came out until the next day.

Bright an early the next morning before sun up the chief dug into the center of the tribal fire after it went out about four feet deep. He pulled out what appeared to be the stump of a tree. The chief opened the stump removing what looked like the carcass of a hyena.Night time came as Tomanas sleep soundly in his bed.

"Get off of me! Get off of me!" Wiggling and trying hard to free himself yet the warriors were too strong for Tomanas. Taking him kicking and screaming to the tribal fire. He was tied upside down to a pole. All of the tribal elders circled the fire. The chief holding a wooden book trimmed in brass.

The fire roared and the tribe came out of their huts and began to circle the tribal fire. The chief yelled one word,"Intoque!" Silence grew even more still. Tomanas cried upon the pole upside down before the fire.A half dead carcass looking like a dog hyena hybrid held in the hands of Siswayu. Siswayu danced around the fire with the carcass yelling and screaming indignities. Tomanas listened

as he cried hearing all of the terrible things he had done to his brother being yelled around the fire.

The chief spoke from the book. Women from the tribe stood up with baskets and bowls of fruit paste an oil. They disrobed Tomanas and rubbed his entire body in oil, and the fruit paste.

"What are you doing to me? I'm sorry! I'm so sorry! YohanYohan help me, help me!" The drummer became gradually louder. The people began to whisper Ungapunga, Ungapunga, Ungapunga, as the chief spoke from the book.The blood rushing to Tomanas's head felt as if he were about to burst. Looking at everything upside down naked being rubbed with oil. Siswayu continued to dancing around the tribal fire screaming everything Tomanas had ever done to Yohan. Yohan was no where in Tomanas's sight. The tribes whisper turned from a chant to a yell, and then the whole tribe rose to their feet screaming UngapungaUngapunga! Ungapunga! The drummer drumming fast and frantic.

The chiefs wife stepped forward with a knife. She approached him slowly in the midsts of madness cutting a thin line from the back of his neck to the top of his ass. The chief raised his hand an all stopped and the tribe switched from screaming Ungapunga to Intoque, Intoque, Intoque. Siswayu threw the carcass into the fire, and the crowd silenced. Tomanas stared at it deeply. To his amazement a creature stepped forward from the fire whole. It had shiny jet black looking black eyes,ravenous teeth larger than an adult male lion. The creature stared at him studying

him. The creature slowly step by step walked over toward Tomanas, as he shivered in fear it licked his face. The tribe again began chanting the whisper of Intoque, Intoque, Intoque.

"Stop listen! Listen one listen all! Siswayu talked loudly to the crowd. A brother has been wronged. The victim has called for justice! The Intoque has been opened.The reasoning has been established! The Chuloso has been summoned! Release the accused!" Tomanas was cut down as the creature stood and stared at him viciously.

"Tomanas! You have a one day head start, to escape thru the edge of the jungle, and over the mountain! After one day the warriors will follow if they catch you they will return you to the village to receive Ungapunga! If the warriors do not capture you the second day the Chuloso creature will follow and if it captures you, it will consume you, and you will serve its desire of torment for all days. In the Valley of the Desert,of the Condemned.Where the Chuloso will excrement you out of his body,whole,and without skin. You will be bred for agony,to right the wrong you have done.

Tomanas crying profoundly,"where is Yohan? Where is my brother Yohan?!" Tomanas yelled.

"Do not worry of Yohan, if I were you I would worry of meself." Siswayu said confidently.

"I am not leaving anywhere, to run to anyplace, until someone tells me what Ungapunga is!"

"I don't think that you would really want to know,"said Siswayu to Tomanas.

"Ungapunga is our tribal translation for, "The Karmadic." In our tribal custom,if you are caught, you will be brought back here,and have your Bomboto removed. You will live out the rest of your days as a woman, to be the sexual servant to the men who cannot marry.

The exact words from the Intoque are, "Karmadic Justice, is everything you have done, will be done to you." Siswayu said commandingly.

"What is this berry fruit paste?"

"It is so the Chuloso creature can smell you."

"What?! Oh! Somebody! Anybody! Help me! Have mercy?!" Tomanas screamed from the top of his lungs,breathing profusely into a panic attack of despair..Tomanas distraught and deathly afraid began to sprint into the jungle. The tribe began to chant in rhythm with the drum, Ungapunga, Ungapunga, Ungapunga. Naked and slippery Tomanas fell down more than he could run. He saw his brother Yohan not to far from the village.Standing slightly hidden beside a tree appearing as if he were hiding,watching.

"Brother! Brother! I am so sorry, please, please help me?" Yohan hugged his brother and they both cried.

"Lets hurry and get you out of here Tomanas!" Yohan felt sorry for Tomanas.He helped him to stand up in the

jungle. The bugs were attracted to the paste. Yohan had to constantly swipe the large jungle insects off of his brother Tomanas. The deeper they went the monkeys were biting at his body as the fruit paste was there favorite fruit. Bug bites were beginning to break Tomanas down. They could not stop to break until they reached the jungles edge.

The closer they came to the edge the ants began to smell his presence. Tomanas became angry.

"This is all because of you! You little pussy! I can not believe you brought me out here to be subjected to this!"

"You are not innocent my brother!" Screamed Yohan. Tomanas stood up at the edge of the jungle treeline standing face to face with Yohan so close they butted noses. Tomanas was raging mad breathing deeply.Tomanas pointing his finger into Yohans face,"when we get home I am going to do things to your pussy ass more horrible than before. More horrible than you can imagine! I am going to Intoque your ass ..brother,"Tomanas said in utter disgust, defiance, and contempt of Yohan.

Tomanas knowing that his brother Yohan was deathly afraid of him, moved abruptly to frighten him as if he were to strike him. Yohan flinched, and jumped back cowering in fear. Tomanas grinned, and laughed spitting into Yohan's face."Pussy!" Tomanas turned and said,"lets go..bitch." Yohan yelled," look out!"As Tomanas turned to see what,Yohan struck him in the back of the head, rendering him completely,and utterly unconscious.

Yohan tied his brother tightly, and securely, to a tree,when he awoke, he was alone, and could here the footsteps, of the warriors searching into his direction.He had been asleep for almost two days.Tomanas begged to be let go before the warriors came.Yohan walked up to his ear and whispered "Ungapunga!You will be the bitch now! Bitch!" Slapping Tomanas in the face.The warriors drew closer and closer as Tomanas tried crying on the tree desperately to free himself.Biting at the rope gnawing thrashing around for dear life.Bleeding and sweating himself into exhaustion.Desperately trying anything he could humanly possibly do, to get away.

Tormented by the bugs crawling all over his body wiggling and stuck in utter despair.He begged,into Yohans deafened ears, while agony settled in.Tomanas stopped, and at the tiring of his every muscle,he could move no more. He limped into stillness.His chest moving up and down trying desperately to catch his breath. The bugs crawled into every single orifice of his entire body.Sweat dripped from his face as his head leaned and rested against the tree in acknowledgment to his defeat. He gave up.His eyes gazed wearily into his brothers,now he was defeated,completely,an absolutely broken.

Yohan turned aside,turning his back on his brother and left. Tomanas too tired for words,barely lifted his hand, in a last attempt to reach out to Yohan, and to tired, it fell against the roughness, of the tree.Yohan caught glimpse of the warriors,and began furiously waving his hands,jumping up and down screaming "Hey! Hey! Here he is, over here!"

The warriors came,with their shield and feathers in their headdress,spears out.The spears where so sharp and shiny they gleamed in the sun.Their faces painted in red and black stripes,some all white as ghosts.Siswayu step through the assembly of warriors to the front.All spears pointed at Tomanas.

"Yohan!" Siswayu shouted forcefully with anger trembling in his voice. His eyebrows sunken down.

"Yes." He replied timidly cowering in fear.

"You have gone against the book! You have made dirty the tribal way!"Siswayu turned walking slowly to him thinking.

"Warriors! Seize him!" Tomanas stared in horror!

"Release Tomanas! Siswayu stood facing away from Tomanas.

"Tomanas!"

"Yes Siswayu!"

"Go!"

"Go?! Go Where Siswayu?!" Tomanas said bewildered and confused.

"The book says you have the second day to out run the the beast,the Chuloso,of which you only have a few moments left before it is released." Tomanas tiredly limped away.

"What of me?! What of me?!" Yohan screamed bound in arms by the warriors.Shaking like a palm tree in a fierce storm.

"For your trechory and deception you shall receive The Ungapunga!"Siswayu said smiling happily,grinning with delight.

"NOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!" Yohan screamed in full knowledge knowing the torment he had tried so hard to give had now become his own. He had thoughts of his parents warning them of God wanting mankind to forgive one another.

"You do not go against the book." Siswayu said with reverence is his tone.

The warriors lifted him into the air by his body over their heads chanting Ungapunga,Ungapunga,Ungapunga!Tomanas stopped when he heard the warriors chanting and his brother screaming.He wanted to help,but with the beast pursuing him very shortly their was absolutely nothing he could do.

Tomanas made his way through the jungle. A few hours had went by,he smiled seeing the mountain at the edge of the jungle.He stepped up onto the first ledge to begin climbing.Balancing his steps feeling the coolness of the mountain breeze as the sun had just went down and darkness filled the air.He steadied his feet finding a place to grab hold to with his hands.He looked up to find his next gripping spot to pull him self up onto the next

boulder.Shiny jet black eyes stared him in his face.Teeth grinned as saliva dripped onto Tomanas's face. Damp wet paws stepped onto his hands.A deepening sharp bark erupted scaring Tomanas,causing him to lose his grip and fall back down from whence he climbed.Falling through the air Tomanas heard the wind and felt his sins and in a moment his back had hit the ground.

He wanted to get up and run but fear held his tormented body captive in stillness.So scared he could not move.The thought of eternity with no skin paralyzed his mind into sheer panic.Despair that is only known when one has come right to and at the brink point and the certain known moment of the knowledge of instant impending death.When you know it is there and not just a brush with or a close call, this time it is real and there is nothing anyone or anything can do to stop it.Tomanas closed his eyes as a child hiding under the bed afraid of an angry parent coming with a belt to inflict stinging pain.Heart pounding in his ears. Sweat in the middle of his hands clasped together on his chest.Hoping that in his mind he could not be seen.Moments of peace passed by slowly as each moment felt of an eternity.Wetness touched his nose.He trembled afraid to look.Tomanas squinched his eyes tight,leaning his head on the hard ground sideways and peeked open one eye.Two shiny jet black eyes were staring into his.The consumption began.

Doc Mania: "Ha! Ha! Ha! I can't keep myself from laughing.Maybe a little less Riddlen or whatever its

called.Looks like dear brother should have tried a little tenderness.I think old Yohan will be singing Soprano soon.Very soon.That's gotta hurt. Sucks to be you.But on to my next tale of creepiness.A small quiet town in Northern Virginia.Well until Cody moved in.i have got a few patients to beat,oops I mean medicate,be right back."

Creep by Mark G Melvin

In a quiet suburb of Washington D.C. there is a town not far from Leesburg by the name of Middleton. A quiet quaint little town.The kind of place you could feel safe to sleep with your doors unlocked.Almost everyone knows everyone.Small schools and except for the occasional fist fight all went well.School had been in session an it was fall.A very dismal time of year.Nature loses its luster.The leaves fall down onto the ground from the trees. The weather is colder peoples faces are cherry red due to the cold weather.Our town has small streets and tiny mom and pop shops,yes a very homely place.

Hi my name is Rod I've lived here in Middleton all of my life. Middleton had a reputation for being a lovely place until.Well until Cody came.I remember the first time I met Cody in first period homeroom.The teacher introduced him."Class we have a new student all the way from Roanoke.

"Say hello to Cody."

"Hello Cody."

We all said with much enthusiasm. Class came and went.I saw Cody again at lunchtime,it was Me Rod,Bob and Rob.All of us bestest friends were we. Cody came to sit down,well actually he walked up and asked. He actually had the smoothest nicest voice you ever heard. It was very friendly and Cody was a very likeable kid. He made friends with us immediately.

"Hey guys is it cool if I sit here,"asked Cody confidently?

"Sure," we said simultaneously.

"So your from Roanoke," asked Rob?

"Sure am,"replied Cody.

"What is it like there," asked Bob?" Cody paused then spoke very sure of himself.

"Pretty cool man,lots of cool chicks." We all laughed in agreement,we all instantly bonded.

"Hey man how about we go to my house and sneak some of my dads vodka after school," asked Rob? You know we all agreed quickly.We were all so glad when school let out for the day.All of us lived within walking distance of the school,even Cody.Now Bob was the nerd,he knew everything about computers,and he dressed like he bought his clothes from Geeks r 'us.Rob was the ladies man,nice lookin' ready to party,and he was a chic magnet.I mean he was the kind of guy girls just gravitated to.Me,I'm the straight guy.My parents had me in boxing since I could

walk.No one messed with me.The fights I have been in in town labled me horrorific.Everyone knew not to f with Rod.Cody was just smooth like the Fonz of the bunch.He sat on a BMX instead of a motorcycle.

Due to Bobs fellow nerdy parents,we had to stop and check in there first. Bobs house was way cool his parents had great jobs. His room had all the games.We labled it, "The Fun Zone." He had X-Box Playstation,and WII. All of the old school classic from Atari to the first Nintendo. We could never slip by Bobs mom.

"Hi boys!"

"Hi Bobs mom,"we all said together.

"You guys had better come and give me a hug."

Well that's one thing we all did not mind.It's one thing that pissed off Bob. He knew we loved to hug his moms huge knockers. I even accidentally saw her running across the hall naked one time. I never let Bob forget how his moms boobs swung from side to side.When we wanted to tease him all we had to say was whoosh,whoosh,whoosh.What a great laugh that gave us. We all hugged his mom.She asked who was Cody kind of curiously.

"Young man what is your name?"

"Hi my name is Cody I am from Roanoke." Bobs mom mocked Cody as if he spoke like a robot.

"Hi my name is Cody I am from Roanoke." We all laughed. Cody only smiled.

"Well nice to meet you my names Cody I am from Roanoke."

"Mom were going to Rob's house to study ok,"said Bob.

"Ok be back before dark."

"Yes mom!"

"By boys! Be careful!"

On the way to Rob's house what did we talk about the whole way? You guessed it girls. Well to date the only breasts I've seen were Bob's moms,and my sisters don't count. So I was very very quiet in the discussion. Bob said he had even got to smell his finger once. Now Rod had had a hand job.I was too ashamed to say all I had done was masturbate to my dads old sticky pages of a 1960's Heffner collection. Not cool. My older sister crept up on me and took a picture of me with her cell phone. She posted it on You Tube.It took two weeks to delete. Some folks in town still call me wackin Rod. You should have seen the look on my face. My sister caught me in full stroke.She cried laughing for about a month. Whenever she wants to annoy me,she pretends she is jackin off facial expressions an all,usually when mom is not looking. Cody said something that stopped the whole conversation.

"I've had sex."

Wow the three most beautiful words in an almost teens life. We all stopped in our tracks when he stated,"I had sex." First we all stopped walking.Second we all looked at Cody. Third we all said,"woe really?"

What was it like? What did it feel like? "No no no no no, what...did..it...look...like,"I asked?

We were all poised with our buttcheeks tight awaiting Cody's response. He paused composed himself,and then he spoke calmly.

"It looks like. Well have you ever seen a clam or an oyster?"

"Yeah,yeah,"we all said with the greatest of anticipation.

"Well imagine that with hair all around it. Imagine something that feels so warm cozy and wet,totally relaxing like a drug. Once you get it you are like a person on crack,you just have to get it again. The best part is this,if you do it right she will feel the same way about you."

Finally we made it to Robs dads house. We opened a brand new bottle of vodka. We drank almost half between the four of us,and filled it with water. All we talked about was if any of us had the opportunity,what we would do to a girl.Cody sat quietly only smiling at us.We looked up to him from that day forward he was our unnamed leader. Its amazing what an oyster with hair on it does for your status in society.

The teachers at school almost thought Cody was being smart,because he was so calm. He never got angry or sad,in fact he rarely laughed.He only would smile.Something could have been extremely funny an everyone in the class laughed all except for Cody.This is what earned him the nickname "Creep," that and Cody was extremely tall for his age. Ever since Cody moved into town,all of us got into way more trouble than ever before.We turned over all the trash cans at the school. We spray painted the word bitch on the principals car. The final straw with our parents was not only skipping school it was jumping a kid none of us liked. Our parents solution..was to go to church. Well we did Cody as well. We all met up at the church,and the preachers sermon was about obeying our parents. He said that at Bible times incorrigible children were killed. We were all like dang for real! The preacher ended in saying this verse I will never forget.Honor thy father and thy mother: that thy days may be long upon the land which the Lord thy God giveth thee.

The last time we got into trouble suspended from school,all of our parents forbade us to hang out with Cody any longer. He was so cool to us we all did it anyway. I remember Bobs mom Mrs. Boobs talking to me about Cody.

"Rod darling leave that boy alone there is something very creepy about him. He is way...way to calm. Listen to us your parents we love you. I feel like if you continue to hang out with this Creepy Cody character,he will get you

into some trouble,I'm afraid you might not be able to get out of."

"Yes Bobs mom."

Cody was having a get together at his house this weekend. We all have managed to stay out of trouble for a few weeks. Cody's parents were at work all night at the factory as usual. The verse the preacher said kept ringing in my mind. Honor your father and mother. Cody said that his parents best friends daughter was coming to visit for the weekend from Roanoke. He said that the girl was a complete slut,that we all could finally have sex. We were all ready to say we were spending the night at the others ones house,and that is what we did. Cody said she was tall, long legs,blond hair and sexy.

The weekend came and all of our parents once again warned us of Cody. We all disobeyed and ran straight to Cody's house. All hot and horny ready to finally do anything with a girl. Cody as usual calm and quiet invited us into the basement for a lights out party. We all anxiously asked where the girl was. He said not to worry. "You'll all have your chance." "You'll all have your turn...to learn."

Wow when Cody said that I felt a panic settle in deep deep into the pit of my stomach. Cody turned on some music and we all danced around drinking wine, beer, and hard liquor. The music, dance, liquor, anticipation,stupefied us into exhaustion. Drunken and weary we all sat down

onto the basement sofa. Cody left the room turning off the lights.

"Hey guys I'll go get her,hope you are ready for your first time."What about you Cody," I asked?

Cody paused,then said,"she already took care of me earlier." "Have fun boys." When Cody left we all whispered in excitement taking our pants down. Our penises out hard and ready for our turn. Our turn to learn.

The basement door opened,an a tall woman appeared,with small perky breasts, long blonde hair,and no top only panties on.We all tried to see her face from the hall way light.We could not,nor did we care.The door closed and then we were in total darkness. The girl only said. "Sh!" A moment went by and we heard nothing but absolute silence,until Bob began to moan. We could hear slurping sounds from his waist area. We could not believe this beautiful girl was going to suck all of our penises. Still something seemed so wrong to me. My mind ran thinking about the trouble we had been in. The voice of the preacher rang aloud in my head. Honor you father and mother repeated over and over and over again. Obey your parents. Obey your parents. Obey your parents. My hands sweated so much. it was pouring from my head. My mind was spinning from the alcohol,while sitting in darkness,awaiting my turn. My turn to learn.

I knew that this was wrong and that I shouldn't be there. I could not chicken out,I would never,never,never, hear the end of it. Now I could hear cool Rob next to me

moaning,along with the same slurping sounds. His breathing became deeper and deeper. The sounds I heard next were swallowing sounds from the girl.It seemed as if an eternity went by for my turn.Finally she slid in front of me between my legs.She nestled herself in and grabbed a hold of my penis it felt so good. It felt way better in her hands rather than my own. I could feel the heat of her mouth on me before she wrapped her entire mouth around me.It felt so beautiful. I have never felt this kind of feeling from playing with myself. An explosion feeling began to build up I sat straight up it felt so good I could not take it.She pushed my stomach forcefully sitting me back down making me take it.Her control made it more intense and feel all the more better. Was she going to swallow? I am having sex this feels so great. I can not believe it. She moved my hand to rest atop of her head. I was right at the feeling of explosion.Someone had gotten up from the sofa and was making there way toward the basement door. The lights came on. The girl stopped. Her hair covered her face. I lifted her head up to see her face,as I was right at the point of exploding.

"It... it's Cody!!! No!!!" Rob and Bob ran to see. It was Cody with tiny breasts an a wig on.

He stood up and you could see his penis in the panties. We all beat Cody savagely black and blue,while we were still naked. Ashamed of ourselves we never spoke on that again. Inside I wished I had of listened to the preacher who said to obey our parents my parents. Two weeks later it was posted at school that one of our classmates had HIV.

The students name was Cody. I guess it was our turn. Our turn to learn.

Doc Mania: "Hello patients that was right nasty wasn't it!Guess those boys would have been better off studying at the library. Remember always check the plumbing!And no matter what anybody tells you. Never ever trust a big butt,and a wig.My last tale of torment is of a family in counseling.Oh yeah counseling is good,if you go before the shit hits the fan!"

Soul Tap by Mark G Melvin

Hi my name is Stephen,Stephen Goodman. In 1993 my crew an I came across a shipwreck. The story that was told to me was quite horrific.

"Dammit man! Answer me? Have you ever slept with your 19 year old daughter?!" The room grew loudly quiet. The reverend, Henry and his wife. Anticipation melted as tears fell onto Sarah's blouse waiting for Henry's answer. Henry paced the room. The small office in back of the church dimly lit with old brown pseudo wood wall paneling. A few desk a few chairs an a small love seat. The size of a large closet in present circumstance seemed even smaller than that.Henry lay flush against the wall, with all eyes fixated upon his slightest movement or twitch. Henry looked at the reverend,and his wife circling his eyes slowly

to meet theirs. Henry then stated with absolute certainty. "No!"

Thank God!" Sarah, Henry's wife leaned her head back raising her hands to heaven in a large sigh of relief. The reverend went, and sat behind his desk looking at Henry with a great degree of uncertainty.

"Henry all the counseling I've been through with you and your family. You all need yourselves a vacation."

"Thank you reverend I do believe your right. Can I have a hug sweetheart?"

"Dang on it Henry, hug your wife!"

"Yes reverend."

"I think maybe a camping trip in the wilderness would be a great family relaxation. Taking the time to accomplish small tasks outside of your daily routine home and community environments.Well tell me what do you think of my idea," said the reverend with great anticipation bright eyed and smiling.

"Well reverend it sounds nice,but we've already been camping dozens of times,"answered Sarah with a monotonous lack of enthusiasm.

"Rev,I'm thinking maybe uh, Disneyworld!" Yelled Henry excitedly.

"No no no no no no! Hey you's two, that is way too many people around.Taking focus off of yourselves relating

directly to one another," said the reverend. "I want you's all to be alone somewhere, anywhere,but alone! Do you here me?!...I've got it!"

"Yes reverend." Sarah and Henry both asked in child like anxiousness as they sat up in the love seat directly in front of the reverends desk. "What ?! What?!" Sarah exclaimed. A small silenced brief pause stirred the air with more excitement.

"A boating trip!" The reverend blurted joyously. "Fly out to Fiji pick an islet take a whole bunch of supplies and do her up!"

"Henry that sounds wonderful!" Sarah remarked turning to Henry with tremendous excitement.

"Ok reverend," replied Henry. "It sounds like a good idea."

"What you are doing is tapping into your inside seeing what you are made of. Seeing what each other is made of. Family bonding delving into your goodness your love,and survival it is quote, a "Soul Tap."

"Soul Tap," questioned Sarah,and Henry.

"An adventure seeing what your limits are and surpassing them,going beyond your own norm, a Soul Tap,"responded the reverend.

"Ok Rev, can we call the kids in now? Martha?!Stewart?! Come in children." The door slowly opened.

"Please please children come in, and sit down with your parents,"said the reverend calm and tenderly?

In came Stewart first.A shy handsome humble boy 12 years of age. Stewart's hair was red his face freckled. He was a smiling, bright, and happy boy. Next came in Martha. Martha the beautiful 19 year daughter. Martha dressed in all black. Gothic in appearance black makeup, eyeliner, lipstick, and even black nail polish.Her clothes were leather black jackets spiked, and a black dog collar. She also had freckles upon her face with glowing green cats eyes on her fully developed 120 pound frame. All the men adored her even her own daddy. She kept her head down unwilling to make eye contact, and hardly ever spoke at all.

Sarah and Henry were church going people that were blessed in a successful storage business that afforded them to make such a trip. Sarah stared at the children bursting in excitement until she could not contain herself anymore.

"Kids were going to the islands!"

"Yeah!" Stewart jumped up and down happily screaming. "Martha? Martha? Are you ok sweetheart," asked Sarah?" Martha stared at the floor leaning over doodling her shoes.

"She'll be all right," mouthed the reverend in a low whisper. "Well I'll see all of you again soon ok." The reverend said calmly.

"Yes reverend,"replied Henry as they reassuredly shook one another's hand. Henry walked out of the door with Martha and Stewart. Sarah hugged and thanked the reverend.

The Macdonald family drove home anxious for their trip to Fiji.All except for Martha who continuously stared at the floor. The children went to bed while Sarah and her husband Henry stayed up excited making the trips arrangements that night. The next morning the Macdonald family boarded an airplane flight direct to Fiji.

Arriving the next day Henry used his American boating license and renting the boat came with ease. The family loaded supplies for one week. Henry did not take a chartered cruise or take a scenic guided tour. He set out on his own only renting the boat and finding his own destination to go to. Henry mapped out a course to a small islet 250 miles off the coast of Fiji. An islet with no name no animals, and no natural supply of food. Fresh water must be brought. They brought no radio only an international calling cellphone in case of an emergency.

The night came and it was cold and they were nearly upon their destination of relaxation.

"Dad! Dad! We're sinking! We're sinking!" Screamed Stewart in extreme panic and fear as the little boat began to take on water.

"We've hit a shallow reef! We are not sinking yet son we're stuck on the reef! I don't know how long she'll hold! Wake your mother and sister gather up as much a you can! We are going to have to swim ashore!"

"Henry what's happened ?!" Screamed Sarah in a panic.

"We're bottomed out onto a reef and we are taking on water! Son loop this rope through all of our bags and supplies so that we bring everything. Everyone to the back of the boat!" Henry yelled.

Outside the sky was dark night and the stars shone bright. The waves crashed fiercely and crashed into the boat by the night wind.

Martha and Stewart were in pj's and robes. "Dad! Dad! The air is very cold out here,"said Stewart shivering badly. Henry gave his family a reassuring look to let them even in this bad situation know everything would be all right. "I know son, Martha, honey we got to do what we got to do...ok." Henry took a great big breath and sighed closing his eyes briefly and then looking at his family," everyone into the water!"

The family splashed into the freezing water an immediately began shivering. The wind whipping and faces cold,"hold on to the containers everyone! Kick together!" Henry yelled to keep his family focused.

"Mother I'm scared," mumbled Stewart.

"I know baby keep kicking toward the island." Into the darkness the Macdonald worked together reaching the island. They fell asleep on the shore until the heat from the sun woke them. They arose that day on the islet, which was scarcly a half of a football field long in any direction. There were only a few clusters of bushes and a very small forest of palm trees at its center.

All sides were beaches. It was truly beautiful. The boat had dislodged itself with the tide and sank leaving the family absolutely and completely stranded. The rental boat company had no record of where they went only that they were due to return within one week.Waking up tired groggy and extremely worried. Everyone got their supplies together and formed a circle. "Let us pray." Sarah said exhaustedly. "Heads bowed please? Lord thank you for letting us make it here together safe,well,an alive. Amen,"said all.The family appeared raggedy yet alive. Henry taking charge looking around to observe an assess the situation.

"Dad is anyone coming to help us?"

"No son I am terribly afraid not." Henry said reluctantly and depressed.

"Why not dad we have the international calling cell phone. They can satellite our position. Were saved,yeah,dad woohoo! I was almost worried for a minute,"said Stewart rationalizing outloud. Sarah and

Martha were both relieved to remember about the cellphone also.Sarah and the children smiling, and happy.Henry looked at the ground like he just lost his best friend.

"What's wrong honey?" Sarah asked with extreme concern.

"Yeah dad...what's...wrong? No dad?" Stewart said in horror looking around at the endless looking ocean.

" I messed up." Henry said still looking down at the ground.

"Don't...don't say it dad." and lost or left the cell phone in a rush getting off of the boat." "I told you not to say it dad!" Yelled Stewart.

"Fuckkkkkkkkkk!!!!" Sarah screamed.

"Dad?"

"Yeah son."

"So you mean we are all just stuck here?!

Ahhh hell no! Fuck dat are you fuckin serious dad?!" Martha and Sarah now felt the panic and desperation of their futile situation and began sobbing immensely.

"I mean what the fuck dad," screamed Martha with tears running down her face looking to Henry for help,but knew he could give none! The reality of dying there on the small islet was now absolutely real.

"Calm down children."

"Fuck off mom!"

"You stop that Stewart!"

"What are you gonna do send me to my room punish me take away tv?!"

"Dad! You are a fucking idiot I hate you!" Stewart screamed walking away.

"Stewart Stewart,come back!"

"Let him go honey, I mean, where in the hell is he going anyway?"

"We are stranded on an islet that doesn't even have a name. How dafuck could you lose the cellphone?! I ought to kick your ass!" Sarah screamed.

"Yeah fuck you daddy you dumb ass!" Martha exclaimed.

"You freakin Moron!" Stewart yelled from a distance.

"But...but...honey,Martha.Stewart?" Henry curled up into fetal position and wept like he had never had before, like a baby.Everyone walked away. Hoping to all get away from each other for the moment. The islet being so small they could all still see one another no matter where they went.

Henry gathered wood for a fire.The fire was not for warmth at night only,but also served a purpose for signaling help from passing ships. Night by night the food was rationed out to one meal per evening. The food lasted the course of about a month. Homemade crabnets, and fishing proved futile. "Man I haven't seen a boat at all,"said Stewart. Food had been gone for four days now only water was left, and the leaves of the trees were bitter, and sandy. Cooking the leather of some of their gear was of no use. They even tried to eat their own clothes.Stewart began to become weary and bite his own arm, and foot.Stopped by his mother.

The fifth day of no food now also without water and no ship in sight.Delusions set in, and Sarah began to become so desperately hungry she began drinking her own urine, feces,and fingernails to no avail she vomited it all up.She tried to stomach eating that too. The family did the same. The six day of no food, and water set in.

Stewart Martha Henry, and Sarah all gathered on the beach to cry. "Well family I guess this is it." Henry cried tiredly barely having the strength to talk. Stewart laid his head across his mothers chest seeking comfort. Sarah rocked him back, and forth singing him a lullaby. "Hush little baby don't say a word mommas gonna buy you a mocking bird,and if that mocking bird don't sing mommas gonna buy you a diamond ring."

Sarah lifted her hands to heaven, and cried Lord forgive me. She swiftly picked up a stone from the fire, and beat Stewart in the head until he died. Henry and Martha looked

on expressionless, and said nothing. Henry stood up taking out his hunting knife from his side gear, and cut off Stewart's head, and rolled him onto the fire, and roasted him whole. In the next two days Stewart was consumed now they looked at one another, and wondered... who was next?Hunger began to settle in again.The repeated redrinking of their own urine was the only freshest water source available.All of their mouths salivated.Sitting around the fire again with no food available at all.Stewart's bones had been picked clean. Martha stood up slowly looking at her parents with tremendous suspicion.

Henry moved slightly to scratch his nose, and Martha broke out into a full sprint.Henry, and Sarah began to chase Martha around the island.A terrible chase with only one conclusion. Dirty raggedy beaten, and broken. Pure raw animalistic survival was there only thought. The only food they had was each other.

Martha in front,Sarah behind her, and Henry behind them both. Chasing Martha along the beach in circles around the island. "Turn around Henry cut her off from behind!" Sarah yelled in the midst of the foot chase. Martha hearing her mothers plot against her began to go into sheer shock running out into the ocean. Wading out away from the islet watching her mom, and dad watching her from the shore.Sarah fixing her gaze on Martha gave Henry opportunity to sneak up behind his wife. Martha began thrashing in the water splashing, and flinging her arms, and screaming."Sarah, Sarah!" Martha yelled to her mother. "Look out behind!-" Sarah slid slowly to the ground falling

to her knees,and then flat onto her face. Her blood stained the sand. Martha wept wading back to the shore. She went, and sat patiently by the fire.Watching Henry roll her onto the burning wood.So hungry they both began picking her skin as it was heating, still raw.

Now there was only themselves left.They ate slowly ever so slowly.The days went by until the meat was gone.Five days passed as they attempted to stay away from one another.Again the hunger took over.Henry and his daughter Martha now watched each other unceasing.

Falling asleep only to momentarily wake up immediately to check and make sure they were still alive. Weariness, exhaustion, and sheer hunger, thirst induced insanity was past settled in. Delusions took over to the point that they began talking to themselves. Imagining they were seeing Sarah and Stewart.

Henry lay warm snuggling himself to the fire in and out of consciousness. Martha eased up quietly close, then closer, and a little bit closer, right next to his head. She leaned in right next to his ear. Watching his eyes open and close open and close fighting hard to stay awake. Until he could no longer reopen them.Martha remembered eavesdropping outside of the the church office door during counseling.Martha whispered into her dads ear. Martha sang in a school girl,sing song way,"daddyyyy,daddyyy." Henry's eyes reopened again as he felt the warmth of Martha's face on his.

"Daddy you can have me now daddy. Mommy and Stew are gone now, and you don't have to lie anymore daddy. You can have me now,are you ready for me? I'll do all of the things mom wouldn't do to you."

Martha began to slowly suck her finger.Henry sat up staring directly into his daughters eyes. There faces moved closer and closer toward each other until there lips met.Slowly they began to kiss until they became one. Martha quietly silently let him have her anyway he wanted until he worked himself into exhaustion, and could not move at all.Henry lay weary at the brink of death,watching Martha digging into the sand.Henry watched her pull out a plastic bag.Martha came back to Henry and began eating his leg raw.Moments before his last breath while he was still yet alive. These are last words he heard before he closed his eyes and died.

"Hello! Hello! Hello 9-1-1 My name is Martha Macdonald can you GPS my location?"

"Yes ma'am."

"Good because I'm shipwrecked my whole family drowned an I am the only survivor. I need help."

"We have pinpointed your location ma'am, rescue will take a few hours by helicopter.Will you be ok until then? Do you have food?" Looking at her dad grinning,"yeah I have something to chew on until then."

Doc Mania:" Something to chew on until then. Martha sure is a riot! Maybe they should have come to counseling sooner.Or some mandatory intervention.Anger can eat you up. Or maybe have you to eating up others.Ha! Ha! Ha! I think now maybe pops will keep his hands to himself.And Martha if you need any therapy come see me Doc Mania at the Asylum of Deranged Delusion. I have got the medication you need baby.Only thing is,once your committed here,we never let you leave. Not even inside of your own mind. Good night hope the bed bugs bite. A lot!"